

Ink-Slings.

A black crook—a wench with the gremlin bend.

Blick Crook, White Fawn, Can-Can—poorly, comparatively, unpretentious. What next?—Aquila (s.) Pres.

Cabela and Street Spirits of Nitro.

Fade like to be his cousin And with Orange brand I would put greenbacks in my pockets And commissions in my hand.

Some one has said that "it is sweet to have friends you can trust," but we have found it a good bit sweeter to have friends who will trust you.

Plunder and Power makes Grant and Longstreet brother radicals—principle and patriotism makes Hancock and Lee brother Democrats.

Kentucky boasts of 100,000 Asces. Pennsylvania can go 500,000 better—all of them two legged radical voters.

Rules for self government say—Your oldest has for an evening party—That's the time to use it, but its not always to be had then.

Huntington has a daily prayer meeting. It would take an hourly one and worshippers with the faith of Elijah, to cleanse that place of its moral and political deformities.

Norah has a female Ghost which skips along the branches of a willow tree.—Eton us.

It she wears hoops, will bet there is more than one chap who would love to be in the shade and look up at her.

The Georgia Enterprise wants to know "If the world would be happy without women? About as much so as man with the itch, when he couldn't scratch.

A western editor tells us that Anna Dickinson "raised hell" when she lectured in his town. She must have slept with the d—l before she got there.

There are but two members of the Grant family that have not yet been fixed in office. They are his digger Indian boys, that he deserted in California, while they were yet papoose.

One of our exchanges says that churches in New England have been turned into velocipede rinks, and it might have added that preachers in that section have long since been turned into guide posts to perdition.

It is said that there are but eight teen female students at Dickinson Seminary. "Once upon a time," there was from sixty to eighty. Why is this, thus, brother Mitchell? "Tell us darling, tell us, do."

The people of Lancaster county are in a terrible state of excitement, over mail dogs. A county that can stomach radicalism as Lancaster can, needn't put on airs about hydrophobia; one is no worse than the other.

It is said that the "Imperialist" newspaper lately established in New York, is sustained by a joint purse furnished by Napoleon III of France, and Ulysses S. of America. Both of these nice young men may themselves yet be sustained—by a rope!

A Washington paper informs us that Grant has just begun to read his biographers. It will take a "plague his big lot" of lieup, and no small number of scaffolds to get through with that job.

A New York paper says, "very much of the whisky in this county would not burn unless the water in it was dry." If the water in what we get down this way was dry there would be nothing left to burn.

Ulysses S. has just been the lucky recipient of an other present. His legal heir and first born "digger gun," has sent him a box full of grub worms, expecting in return a commission as Post Master, or the appointment of revenue assessor. That "in gun" knows his dads failings.

Benj. HARTSHORN, who, under the reign of Lincoln loyalty, played spy and informer for the white-men oppressors, and attempted to levy black mail upon honest citizens of Clearfield and Centre counties, is now, where about twenty thousand other radical-rapscallions of the same kind ought to be—in the Western Penitentiary. Ben is only a little in advance of the rest, however.

The mills of the Gods grind slowly but the grind exceedingly small.

An epidemic of horrors daily electrifies the country. Murders and suicides are the order of the day. The very atmosphere which men breathe seems to fill their brains with the poisons of the Black Republican social, political, and physical insanity and the pestilence of moral and physical death—a twin sister of the party of grand moral rescals. Since the rise of the Republican party, nature stands appalled, and hell itself has puked forth from its vomit no viler poison than that which fills the land with mourning, and which evidently came directly from the choicest pool of corruption in Pluto's regions.

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What the Campaign is For.

The campaign in Pennsylvania, which is rapidly approaching, the people should bear in mind, is no ordinary one, but one in which the expression of the masses is to be made, not so much to direct the name which is to grace the Governor's chair, as in rebuke of that usurpation and fraud which a party of perfidy has fastened upon the people. It will be an indorsement or rebuke of negro suffrage and negro equality in Pennsylvania. Which shall it be? It will be an indorsement or rebuke, also, of the means and manner by which it was given the reins of millions of free men unconsulted! In the manner of its passage into an acceptably Pennsylvania, the laws were not permitted to be taken and recorded! The people were not trusted, and never have been by the Jacobin revolutionists. They are permitted to vote for certain things—for certain men and measures, when the way for them has been paved by careful chicanery. Every act committed by the revolutionists since they came into power have been successful only in like manner. They fear and suspect the people, and can trust them to vote only on questions well canvassed before.

Well, may the earnest patriots feel anxious for the future which is staring this generation in the face. It is step after step from crumbling republicanism to a rotten but rigid monarchism—and the most detestable and member-able monarchism, is that which obtains now in the so-called republics. Mexico is a republican monarchy. The United States is a republican monarchy—but are monarchies without a permanent head—and all the worse for that! The government of these States used to be of that simple republican form of which Jackson spoke, when he said: "It is not in a splendid government, supported by powerful monopolies and aristocratical establishments that the people will find happiness, or their liberties protection; but in a plain system, void of pomp, protecting all, and granting favors to none." That used to be the government of the "Farmer Republic," but the "Farmer Republic" is no more. It fell into disuse at the close of James Buchanan's able and truly Democratic Administration. Upon its ruins was reared the temple of higher law, license, and usurpation, and its infamous rulers have gone down from office unhonored and anning. Its present head is a fit representative of his party—the unearthed filth of a tyrant vat beleeched in the pomp and circumstance of war and the fruits of conquests and of barbarous invasions—an epauletted porter from Galena's leather store—the junior member of the firm of Boggs & Grant, patent brokers of St. Louis.

From "out the depths" came its present ruler. From "out the depths" came those two who have preceded. From "out the depths" came the "principles" of the party which elevated them, and from "out the depths" will the people yet drink their cup of bitterness.

The campaign which is now approaching is, therefore, a most important one. Pennsylvania, the keystone in the arch of the temple of our old Union, must speak in thunder tones this fall, the displeasure of her outraged freemen, else all is lost, and there is no future to look for that bids us hope. Let Pennsylvanians rebuke those who have dared to tamper with, violate, and trample the Constitution of Pennsylvania, in daring to pass the proposed Fifteenth Amendment without consulting the people. By that act, they have committed a breach of the fundamental law, and have resolved to perjure their oaths as Pennsylvanians to defend the Constitution of Pennsylvania: The Fifteenth Amendment, if put into force by its acceptance by three fourths of the States without a sovereign convention of Pennsylvania, shall first have expunged the word "white" from the constitution, violates the fundamental law, wishes, and consent of the people of this commonwealth, who claim their right to legislate and have legislated upon the subject of suffrage within its borders. It is a palpable and a damnable resort of a party more than damned by the execrations and curses of the outraged masses in all quarters of this rebel republic. It is an attempt which should make the names of its authors a by word of contempt

and loathing beside which the name of a Benedict Arnold would reflect a halo of giggy. It is more—it is an outrage upon the sovereign people and the fundamental laws of this commonwealth, which should have entitled its authors to a gallows-reception and a popular felon-funeral in every county in Pennsylvania on their return from Harrisburg. The adjournment of the execrable Jacobin legislature of Pennsylvania should mark an early event in each county, worthy to be recorded in the history of a people, who swear by their patriot fathers and the Living God to be free, and who only are worthy to enjoy freedom and the boon of independent, sovereign, personal and community manhood. Light the fires on the hill tops and in the valleys, and let the word be: "Give me liberty or give me death!"

Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas.

These three conquered sovereignties are now the toy property of the Jacobin party. They are kicked about as footballs much in the manner of the game of ball in which school boys indulge; or like broken-bladed pen-knives are swapped about from clique to clique, and none the better for the change of ownership.

The last movement made in regard to Virginia, Mississippi, and Texas, was that which occurred in the Senate on the 9th inst., when the proposition came up to have their three nigger constitutions adopted by a vote of the niggers and sealaws. This, it was thought, about as mean and wicked a scheme as it was possible to hatch up in the infamous Rump cabal of Perjured villains, called a congress. But it was not as devilish as that body could conceive. Senator Morton, of Indiana, than whom no more consummate scoundrel has escaped death by the vengeance of the wronged, amended the reconstruction bill for three States, by a provision requiring, in addition to the adoption of their State constitutions for negroes and sealaws, that they must also ratify the 15th Amendment. So, they are none the better off for having gotten up their African constitutions disfranchizing an intelligent race and enfranchizing negro savages—they must seal their penitence by an acceptance of perpetual negro rule by ratifying the damnable imperial scheme of African suffrage for the North as well.

We hope that the people of these three conquered States will continue to resist reconstruction in any form, and to drive from their borders all who favor such an irreparable wrong to the white race, its future, and our native land.

Hang the devils! Better that a few worthless white dogs died, than that a race should be wronged, civilization thwarted, and the white man's future darkened.

Better that actual war existed than that the freeman should be fettered in his own domicile!

Light the fires of Liberty, again, ye trampled and wronged men of Virginia, Mississippi and Texas!

Better that, than that by your fettered arms the whole people should be bound in slavery!

Light the fires again, and let us renew our oaths to be free, for the day is coming when the time may set upon liberty to rise never more in these bedeviled States!

The Magazines.—May.

From I. A. Godey, Esq., Philadelphia, we have received GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. It has no superior, and few, if any equals.

From Deacon & Peterson, Philadelphia—the LADY'S FRIEND. It is a gem in the Magazine line.

From Chas. J. Peterson, 306 Chestnut St., Philadelphia—PETERSON'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE.—One of the best, as well as the lowest priced Magazines in the country.

From T. H. Arthur and Son's, Chestnut St., Philadelphia, we have Arthur's HOME MAGAZINE—an ornament to any table; OCEAN A MONTH—a delightful little magazine overflowing with the best of articles, and the CHILDREN'S HOUR—just such a work as should be read to and by the little folk.

From MAYNE REID, New York, ONWARD, a beautifully printed monthly, deeply interesting, but as fully demoralized politically.

Found Dead—Starved Perhaps.

On Monday evening last, old Rosetta JONES, a poor old negro, who had lived for years in a dilapidated hut on Lamb Street in this place, was found dead, lying across a bundle of worn out bed clothes, which she had evidently been trying to tie up preparatory to moving. When she died no one knew. What she died of, it matters little—of course doctors and others who walked in and looked at the wrinkled black face, the bony hands, and sorrow-worn countenance, without touching the stiff body—will say heart disease, but what matters it, what they say, or what she died of, is not the simple fact that the tottering old creature was left alone to starve, beg or die, sufficient to show the Philanthropy of the many philanthropists here about Bellefonte. Had she been sick? No one knew. Had she any visitors? No one could answer. Had she any one to look after her? No one could tell. She was dead—found dead—discovered by a laboring man, many hours after the grim monster had entered her rickety old hut—was all that people who have shed buckets full of tears over the cowhided back of a darkey thief away down South could tell or cared to know.

What a blessing for down-trodden Virginia, military-cursed Texas, or despotism ridden Mississippi that old Rosetta, did not "peg out" within their borders, unknown and unwept for. How many more acts of despotism it would have given excuses for! What long "reconstruction acts" it would have given birth to! What sermons, and lectures, and newspaper articles it would have called forth—denouncing the barbarism of the people of the South, for allowing a human being to die unattended and alone!

But is different up here. We are a righteous people—a philanthropic people—a liberal people—a sanctified people—and darkeys can starve to death—can fit to the other world for want of provender here—can die and be d—d, alone, or when they please, and no body cares; no one troubles themselves and our philanthropic populace—go on weeping over the wrongs and sufferings of poor nabo in the South and wondering if justice can ever mete out punishment sufficient for the heathens, who used to switch darkeys when they did wrong and care for and doctor them when they took sick. "Oh consistency but thou art a jewel." Oh Rosetta what a "National disgrace,"—what a heathenish sin, your "pegging out" in the way you did, would have been, had it occurred south of the Potomac!

Wipe your eyes O! Philanthropy! Blow your snout O! Puritanism! Mourners are not needed for poor old Rosetta was found dead—starved perhaps—in Pennsylvania in place of

"Away down South in Dixie."

Right!

We are pleased to know that the people of Fayette county intend returning to the Legislature, their late able and honest representative, Hon. W. H. PLAYFORD. If there was a man in that body during the past session who did his duty to his constituents and his State—who deserves credit for battling with the corruption of the "rings" and standing by the interests of the people, that man was PLAYFORD. At no time did he fail to pursue the line of strict integrity marked out by an honest desire to do right; at no time did the manipulators of corrupt measures, or the tools of factious partisanship find him off his guard. Without meaning any disparagement to the other true men of the Democratic side; and there were men there true as steel, yet we must admit, and they will too, that one of the greatest obstacles in the way of corrupt Legislation was the vigilance and determined position of the member from Fayette. That county can not do a wiser thing than to return him—and we are glad that it seems to be the general desire that he should go back. A better representative they cannot get, and with the Democratic side of the House made up of such men as PLAYFORD there need be no fears of our good old party being disgraced, as it has been heretofore by the action of men whose purses occupied a much higher position in their minds than did their principles.

Senator Sprague's Words of Warning.

The position of Senator Sprague, of Rhode Island, is certainly remarkable, to say the least, and when he is taken into consideration that his chiefest among the protected manufacturers of the East, who have grown wealthy by the tariff levies made upon the masses, and hence, one like the rest, supposed to be lost to every patriotic impulse which does not contribute to his gain, it is even more than remarkable. By his party this late effort of his will be regarded as sure evidence of the Senator's insanity. But surely the majority of the American people, notwithstanding the demoralization which has crept into their every temple, social and political, will retain sufficient love of country and of that better day than to think the Senator for the brave, honest, utterances and warnings, which he has dared to make to them from his high position as the representative of a State in the Union in that corrupt and uttering den of lepers—the Congress of the United States.

One of two things is sure to be the verdict of all thinking men; either the people are knaves or hopeless imbeciles, and they must wait to hear the truth certified to them by men interested in overruling them. And one of two things will be the verdict of the people concerning Senator Sprague in his new sphere; either that he is insane, or an honest man, which in these times of universal corruption and moral leprosy, are nearly synonymous terms.

We shall expect to see the whole vernal press of the country bandy the name of the now conscience-stricken Senator, with the ease of men lost to every sense of honor, truth, and patriotism, when referring to the steadfast few who have stood by the constitution and the Union in the hours, and days, and months, and years of its labor and travail. In this hour every man is our brother, who stands firmly at the helm, or man's the life-boats of liberty, no matter what his past record, and he who does not do so now is the enemy of the people.

"The Fust that's Riz."

"Once upon a time there was an old toper who had a severe practical joke played upon him, but who proved equal to the emergency. Determining to frighten him from his cup, his friends bore him while spiritually insensible to a grave yard at midnight, and put him into a coffin. They then got other coffins, placing them at convenient distances and put dry straw and shavings in and around them all. At a signal the straw in each was set on fire, and the imbecile called upon, in a husky voice, to come forth to judgment. But he didn't. Raising himself on his elbow, and contemplating what he really believed to be the resurrection, he soliloquized thus with himself, seeing that he was the only one that had answered "the summons" as yet. "Wall its kinder queer, but I'm damned, if I aint the fust that's riz."

Gen. GRANT, seated on the coffin of our liberties at Washington, may cast his eye over the many filthy tanyards of America, and exclaim with this old toper—"It's kinder queer, but I'm d—d ef I aint the fust that's riz from them!"

The Next Cabinet.

It will soon be time for the Galena hide-scratcher, to name another Cabinet. He has shown such a facility in constructing this little article of governmental furniture that the only wonder is that the last one flung together, has been permitted to occupy its position for so long a time. But fearing, that material may be getting scarce, we beg leave to send up to his royal lowness, such as may occur to us, as proper under all the circumstances. He can make out commissions and have them prepared for any emergency. We would recommend
For Secretary of State, Jno. Covode, of "Alligator" fame.
For Secretary of the Treasury—Jno. W. Forney, of Alaska.
For Secretary of War—Jno. W. Geary, of Snickersville.
For Secretary of the Navy—Prof. Mitchell, of Dickenson.
For Secretary of the Treasury—A. Loafar, from Galena.
For Postmaster General—Jno. G. Kurtz, of Bellefonte.
For Attorney General—A. Shoemaker.

The Terrible Federal Despotism in Texas.

All accounts agree that no despotism of earth exceeds, if any equals, the Federal terrorism now in full reign in the conquered republic of Texas. At Jefferson particularly, but not to a much less extent in all quarters of the State, there has long existed the most devilish, wicked, low, brutish and barbaric rule that was ever inflicted upon any enjugated freeman the world over since the moral foundations of human society were snappd.

One of the principle creatures who ruled at Jefferson, as elsewhere, at intervals, is a monster by the name of Col. Bostwick, with a dozen aliases. He is by profession a murderer and thief, as well as a Colonel in the United States army of radicalism. He went to Texas originally as a spy, has swindled ed all who have been led to trust him, and is beside a bully, braggart, and drunkard. The papers were not long since filled with the details of his unparalleled brutish murder of Col. PENNY at Jefferson, and of his incarceration of a number of prominent citizens, and more than nil, of his torture and maltreatment of the latter. This Bostwick once figured in New Orleans as a Col. JOHNSON, and afterward he joined his fortune with the well known Mexican "greaser" and robber CERVANTES, whom he deserted in his direct peril, the gallant "Union" Colonel stealing everything belonging to his Mexican superior he could get his hands on, and then deserting back to Jefferson, where he is again at his damnable work.

But he is not alone, the true representative of Jacobinism in Texas. A low, cowardly beast dubbed Major REYNOLDS, a scoundrel, is this Bostwick's counsellor and "pard," the two running the "best government" on earth plumb to perdition on the Mexican border. It is by such vile material—the very off-scourings of society, the reeking filth and disease of the country—that the Federal power and flag is sought to be sustained in more places than Texas. It looks exceedingly like Grant desires to carry out Jacobinism in its fullest conception and practice, that men may learn to seek refuge from a form of government which feeds it, to something behind the scenes, in the shape of an "empire."

There are now in various quarters of Texas, victims of such scoundrels as the government has set up there, a large number of citizens pining in prisons, who absolutely do not know for what they are incarcerated. Many of these are tortured by those who have had them placed in prison from personal revenge and malice, and there is no appeal. In fact, it has come to be regarded as a misfortune to that people over whom the flag of the Union floats, since it brings with it neither law nor protection, but persecution and despotism, compared with which the despotism of the Czar would be a relief.

This land is our birth-place and our home, and we expect to die in it and to sleep in its soil till, on that day when the heavens shall roll up like a scroll, our God shall bid us come to a better one. We love the memory of the institutions and government of the past; but we curse those which are of to-day, and rather than submit to the wrongs which our noble, patient and liberty-loving countrymen of Texas are subjected to, we would delight to see an unconsuming flame turn to ashes every striped piece of bunting on the continent, and the land be again baptized in a blood of redemption, which shall wipe out forever the tools of tyranny and a cause that has disgraced the nineteenth century with its barbarity and relentlessness.

The "gentlemen," "scholars," "statesmen," and "patriots," who are now running the government machines down South, are pretty fairly described in the following verses. Some "poick" has seen and knows one of the quinnals commonly known as carpet baggers and goes for him thusly:

He wore a patent coffee-pot the day when first he met,
And peddled tins from door to door, in wench-er cold and wet;
He had a very scarecrow look. Methinks I see him now
No o's, torn pants, worn boots, stained coat—
Arnold hat on his brow.

But once again I saw him—a carpet-bag he bore—
He slouched on a propeller-rod, bound for the Southern shore;
He looked like a starved and hopeless, and with an aching air
He pleaded with the captain's clerk, 'o pass him for half-fare.

The next time that I saw him, 'twas in the Southern land,
Surrounded by a ragged crowd, a wolly-pated band;
He stood upon a barrel, and he cursed the Southern white,
And called each Pompey brother dear, each Dinah his delight.

And yet once more I saw him, no signs of a nant were there,
In fashion's garb he was arrayed, and pompous was his air;
His cheeks were standing out with fat, his purse was filled with gold,
As Governor he robbed the whites—the negroes he had sold.

Lively things get around, which accounts for the extensive circulation of the Watchman.